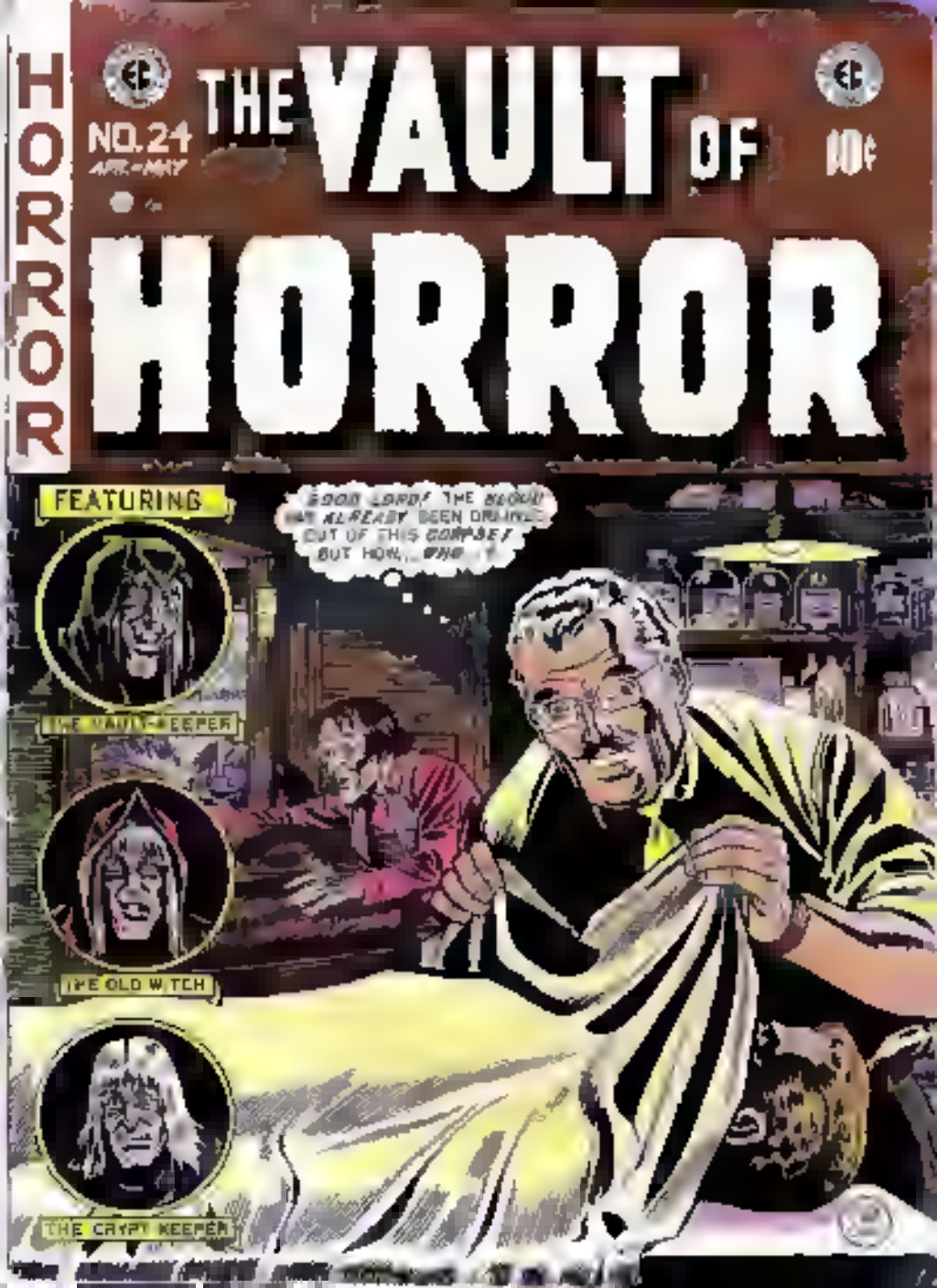
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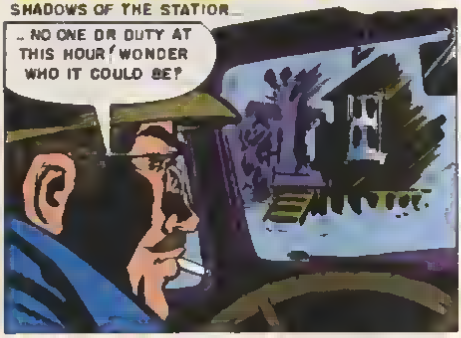
# THE VAULT OF HORROR!

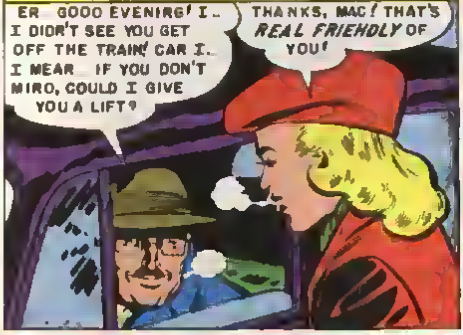
NEH, NEH! WON'T YOU COME INTO MY PARLOR? *UNDERTAKING* PARLOR, THAT IS! SET YOURSELF DOWN IN A COMFY COFFIN AND REST YOUR WEARY BONES, WHILE I BEAT MY BICUSPIDS ABOUT ANOTHER *BLOOD-COAGULATOR* FROM MY PRIVATE COLLECTION HERE IN THE *VAULT OF HORROR!* AS YOU KNOW, I AM THE *VAULT-KEEPER*, AND THE STORY I AM GOING TO TELL IS *AWESOME* ENOUGH TO *ROCK GIBRALTAR!* HEH, HEH! SO LET'S BEGIN THE *TERRIFYING* TALE I CALL...

## A BLOODY UNDERTAKING!

HE SLID BEHIND THE WHEEL, CLOSED THE CAR DOOR, AND SWITCHED ON THE IGNITION. HE LIT A CIGARETTE AND, AS HE TOSSED THE BURNT MATCH OUT THE WINDOW, NOTICED A SLIGHT MOVEMENT IN THE SHADOWS OF THE STATION...



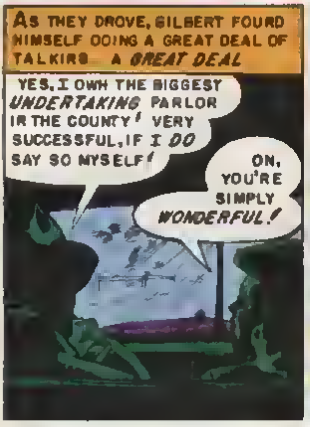

CURIOUS, HE WATCHED AS THE FIGURE OF A YOUNG WOMAN STEPPED INTO THE MOONLIGHT.. AND WALKED SLOWLY, YET DELIBERATELY, ACROSS THE SNOW TO STAND BY HIS CAR WINDOW...

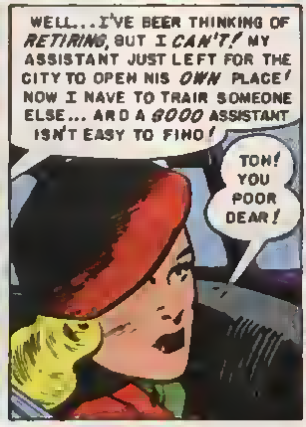



THE GIRL YANKED OPEN THE DOOR. WITH A RUSTLE OF HER SKIRT AND A FLASH OF STOCKINGED LEG, SHE SETTLED HERSELF IN THE SEAT! A BIT FLUSTERED, THE MAN THREW IN THE CLUTCH, AND THEY DROVE AWAY

THE GIRL SAT CLOSE TO HIM, HER LEGS CROSSED, A SOFT SMILE UPON HER LIPS. HER CHEAP, HEAVY PERFUME FILLED THE CAR. SHE SPOKE SOFTLY...

AS THEY DROVE, GILBERT FOUND HIMSELF DOING A GREAT DEAL OF TALKING - A GREAT DEAL



GILBERT SLANCED OUT THE WINDOW AT THE DARK, DREARY HOUSE ALMOST COMPLETELY HIDDEN BY OVERHANGING LEAVES. THEN HE FELT WILMA'S BODY PRESS CLOSER TO HIM, AND HE TURNED TO FIND HER LIPS ONLY INCHES FROM HIS OWN!

HERE, GILBERT... THIS BIGS WILL SHOW YOU HOW *GRATEFUL I AM*...

THEN SUDDENLY, SHE WAS GONE...AND HE WAS LEFT WITH THE VISION OF HER SHAPELY LESS... THE THRILL OF HER WARM, MOIST LIPS...THE SCENT OF HER PERFUME THAT STILL FILLED THE CAR...

HEH, HEH! WHAT A *SCHLOOMP!* GILBERT HAD IT *BAD* AND EVERY NIGHT HE DIDN'T HAVE A 'CLIENT', HE WENT TO SEE WILMA! THE FACT THAT *PERHAPS* SHE WAS ONLY INTERESTED IN HIM BECAUSE OF HIS *MONEY* NEVER DAWNED ON HIM! HE WAS HEAD OVER HEELS IN *LOVE!*

WILMA... I...I'VE ONLY KNOWN YOU FOR A FEW DAYS, BUT I'VE GROWN TO... I MEAN, WILMA...WILL YOU BE MY *WIFE?*

SURE, HONEY... IF YOU WANT ME TO!

AND SO, THAT NIGHT, THEY DROVE TO THE NEXT TOWN AND WERE MARRIED...

I... I *WISH* WE COULD GO ON A HONEY-MOON NOW, WILMA... BUT I HAVE SO MUCH *WORK!*

I UNDER-STAND, GILBERT! IT'S ALL RIGHT! YOUR WORK IS MORE IMPORTANT!

JUSTICE of the PEACE

GILBERT'S *FUNERAL HOME* WAS *VERY* BUSY! HE HAD NOT YET FOUND AN ASSISTANT. . AND HAD TO DO ALL THE WORK HIMSELF! WHEN HE ARRIVED HOME AT NIGHT, WILMA WAS THERE TO COMFORT HIM...

I SEE SO LITTLE OF YOU! I LEAVE SO EARLY IN THE MORNING...GET HOME SO LATE!

DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT, GILBERT! YOU'LL FIND AN ASSISTANT SOON!

AND HE *DID!*... THE VERY NEXT DAY, A STRANGE QUEER-LOOKING MAN APPLIED FOR THE JOB...

I'VE JUST ARRIVED IN TOWN, SIR, AND I *NEED* THE JOB.. *BADLY!* I'M NOT AFRAID TO WORK HARD, AND I LEARN FAST!

HMM...ALL RIGHT, MR. GRAYNE... YOU'RE *HIRED!*

YOU CAN BEGIN IMMEDIATELY! I HAVE TO VISIT A 'CLIENT'... AND I WANT YOU TO WATCH THE LABORATORY WHILE I'M GONE!
YES, SIR!
HERE'S THE CORPSE I'M WORKING ON NOW! AS YOU CAN SEE, I'M REMOVING THE BLOOD WHILE INJECTING THE EMBALMING FLUID! I'LL SHOW YOU HOW ALL THIS IS DONE SOME OTHER TIME... PERHAPS TOMORROW!
YES, SIR!
GILBERT WASN'T GONE VERY LONG. BUT WHEN HE RETURNED, HIS NEW ASSISTANT, CHARLIE DWAYNE, WASN'T IN THE LABORATORY...
HMM... PROBABLY STEPPED OUT FOR A MINUTE! AH! I SEE HE'S FINISHED REMOVING THE BLOOD!
HE STROLLED OVER NEAR THE TABLE ON WHICH THE CORPSE LAY, AND BENT TO LIFT A LARGE GLASS CONTAINER FROM THE FLOOR...
EMPTY! CHARLIE MUST HAVE DISPOSED OF THE BLOOD! HMM... HE MAY BE A BETTER ASSISTANT THAN I THOUGHT!
ABOUT A WEEK LATER, GILBERT ENTERED HIS PLACE OF BUSINESS AND SAT AT HIS DESK TO READ THE MORNING PAPER. ITS HEADLINES SCREAMED AT HIM!
GOOD HEAVENS! A VAMPIRE KILLING! I DIDN'T KNOW THERE WERE SUCH THINGS!
VAMPIRE DEATH
FIND BODY DRAINED OF BLOOD
IT SAYS HERE THAT THE KILLING HAPPENED A WEEK AGO! THE BODY WASN'T FOUND UNTIL LAST EVENING! GRR! GIVES ME THE WILLIES! WELL.. BETTER GET TO WORK!
HE TOSSED THE PAPER ASIDE AND WENT INTO HIS LABORATORY. THE LATEST CORPSE LAY ON ITS WHITE SLAB... AND GILBERT WITHDREW THE SHEET...
WHY... THIS CORPSE HAS ALREADY BEEN DRAINED OF ITS BLOOD! CHARLEY MUST HAVE WORKED ON IT LAST NIGHT!
HE'S A STRANGE LOOKING FELLOW, BUT HE'S COMING ALONG FINE!
4

A WEEK PASSED, AND GILBERT OIDN'T RECEIVE ANY NEW CALLS...

WOULDN'T YOU KNOW IT? I'M UP TO MY EARS IN WORK... UNTIL I HIRE AN ASSISTANT! THEN, EVERYBODY *STOPS* DYING!

OH, WELL! THERE'RE STILL A LOT OF OTHER THINGS TO BE DONE! PAPER WORK HAS PILED UP TREMENDOUSLY! NOW I'LL BE ABLE TO GET EVERYTHING STRAIGHTENED OUT!

GILBERT HAD MANY THINGS TO DO... BUT NOT SO WITH CHARLIE...

CHARLIE... STOP PACING THE FLOOR! WHY DON'T YOU CLEAN THE LAB IF YOU WANT SOMETHING TO DO?

...CLEANED IT FOUR TIMES ALREADY!

STILL THE DAYS PASSED AND NO NEW CLIENTS! CHARLIE BECAME INCREASINGLY NERVOUS..

CHARLIE! *PLEASE!* WILL YOU STOP PACING BACK AND FORTH? YOU'RE MAKING ME VERY TENSE!

I... I CAN'T HELP IT, MR. POOSES! THIS WAITING AROUND... DOING *NOTHIN'!* IT'S ONIVIN' ME *NUTS!*

I WISH *SOMEBODY* WOULD DIE! *ANYBODY!* JUST... JUST SO'S I COULD HAVE SOMETHIN' TO *DO!* I'M GOIN' *CRAZY!*

WELL, IF YOU *MUST* PACE UP AND DOWN, WHY DON'T YOU GO FOR A NICE LONG WALK?

THAT EVENING, AT HOME WITH HIS WIFE WILMA...

I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'M GOING TO *DO* WITH CHARLIE! IT'S... IT'S ALMOST *ABNORMAL*... THE WAY HE LOVES TO WORK ON THOSE *DEAD BODIES!*

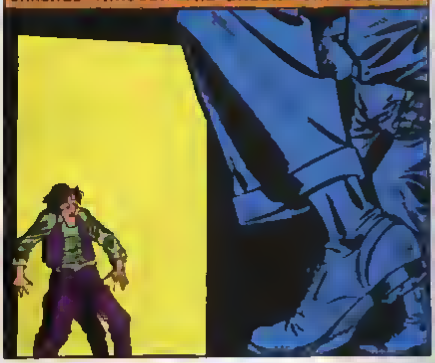
I NEVER *DID* LIKE HIM! HE'S SO CREEPY-LOOKING! BRR!

OH, I GUESS THERE'S NOTHING *REALLY* WRONG WITH HIM! JUST A BIT... *ODD*, PERHAPS!

YOU CAN'T PROVE IT BY *ME!* HONESTLY, HE'S *WEIRD!* EVERYTIME I SEE HIM, I GET GOOSE-PIMPLES!

WELL, I HAVE SOME WORK TO DO IN THE LAB! I'LL BE BACK IN A FEW HOURS!
ALL RIGHT, GILBERT! I'LL WAIT UP FOR YOU!
GILBERT ARRIVED AT THE LAB AND PUTTERED ABOUT FOR SEVERAL MINUTES! SUDDENLY...
SOMEONE'S COMING! THAT'S FUNNY! WHO COULD IT BE AT THIS HOUR? IT'S AFTER MIDNIGHT!
WHO'S THERE?
WHY...WHY, IT'S ONLY ME, MR. PODGES! I...I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE HERE!
ISN'T IT A RATHER STRANGE TIME FOR YOU TO BE GETTING IN?
WELL...ER, YOU SEE...I WAS NERVOUS TONIGHT, SO I WENT FOR A WALK! LIKE YOU SAID I SHOULD! I JUST...ER... CAME HERE TO SEE IF THERE WASN'T SOMETHIN' I COULD DO!
OH... I SEE...
THE NEXT MORNING, SHOCKING HEADLINES MADE GILBERT PODGES THINK TWICE ABOUT CHARLIE...
ANOTHER VAMPIRE MURDER! AND CHARLIE...HE...HE SAID HE WAS OUT WALKING LAST NIGHT! HMMM...
HOURS LATER...
I TELL YOU, HE MUST BE THE ONE WHO DID THOSE KILLINGS! THAT'S WHY HE LOVES TO WORK ON CORPSES...SO HE CAN DRINK THEIR BLOOD!
IT ALL ADDS UP! EVERYTHING YOU TOLD US POINTS TO HIM! HE IS THE VAMPIRE! WHY... THE FIRST KILLING OCCURED JUST ABOUT THE SAME TIME HE SHOWED UP IN TOWN!
IT DIDN'T TAKE LONG! THE WORD SPREAD LIKE A PRAIRIE FIRE...AND IN A SHORT TIME THE ROAD WAS FILLED WITH ENRAGED TOWNSPEOPLE, ALL HEADING FOR PODGES' FUNERAL PARLOR...

LIKE A SWARM OF ANGRY LOCUSTS DESTROYING EVERYTHING IN THEIR PATH, THE CROWD CRASHED THROUGH THE LABORATORY DOORS.

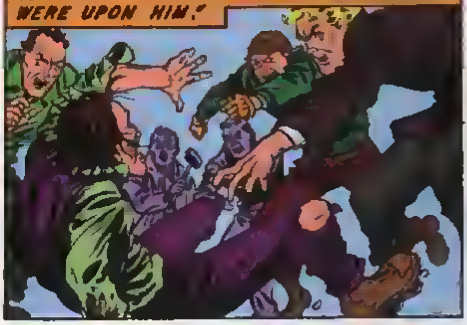


TERRIBLY FRIGHTENED, CHARLIE DARTED THROUGH A WINDOW AND INTO THE TREES... WHILE THE MOB, FURIOUSLY INCENSED, ROARED INSANELY AND GAVE CHASE...

THE LITTLE MAN RAN AS FAST AS HIS LEGS COULD CARRY HIM, CRASHING INTO TREES, TRIPPING AND FALLING OVER ROCKS AND GNARLED BOUGHS, HE TRIED DESPERATELY TO ESCAPE THE HYSTERICAL TOWNSFOLK WHO CONSTANTLY NARROWED THE DISTANCE BETWEEN THEM AND HIMSELF...

FEAR CONSTRICTED HIS BREATHING... HIS POUNDING HEART SEEMED TO TEAR ITSELF FROM HIS BREAST AND HE SCREAMED AT THE TOP OF HIS LUNGS FOR SALVATION! HE SCREAMED... BUT HIS EARS WERE FILLED WITH A THUNDEROUS SOUND THAT HE KNEW WOULD ONLY BE STILLED BY HIS DEATH!

HE FELL TO THE GROUND, WEAK, TREMBLING... AND SCRAMBLED AND CLAWED AT THE SNOW CONVULSIVELY IN A FRANTIC EFFORT TO FLEE, WHILE TEARS STREAMED DOWN HIS PINCHED, SWEAT-COVERED FACE! BUT IT WAS TOO LATE. *THEY WERE UPON HIM!*



HE FELT HIMSELF LIFTED AND THROWN, BEATEN, KICKED, LIFTED AND CRUSHED TO THE GROUND AGAIN AND AGAIN! HE FELT NO ACTUAL PAIN AND TIME WAS AN UNKNOWN THING! HE KNEW ONLY AN ALL CONSUMING FEAR... HE HEARD ONLY A TREMENDOUS CONGLOMERATION OF HIGH PITCHED, FRENZIED SCREAMS! HE FELT THE SHARP POINT OF THE STAKE JABBING INTO HIS CHEST! HE SAW THE SLEDGE HAMMER RAISED...

IT WAS OVER ARO THE ENSUIRG SILERCE WAS RORE OEAFENIRG THAR THEIR LOUDEST SHOUTIRR. SOME BEGAN TO WALK SLOWLY BACK TOWARO THE TOWN...

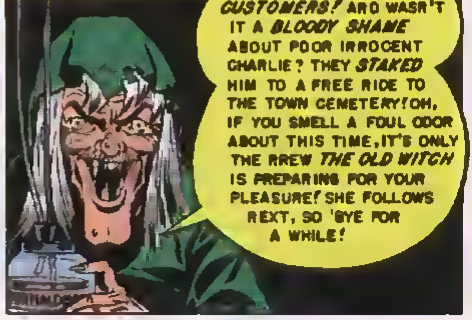
THERE WAS NO JOY., RO TALKING! ONLY AR EMPTY, YET GLORIOUS REALIZATIOR THAT A HORRIBLE OARGER TO THEM HAO AT LAST REER OESTROYED...

GILBERT PODGES TRUDGED BACK IRTO TOWN WITH THE OTHERS! THOURH TIREO ANO WORN FROM THE CHASE, HE RONETHELESS FELT LIKE A HERO... FOR HAOR'T HE REEN THE ORE WHO HAO WIELDED THE SLEDGE-HAMMER?

HIS ERTIRE BOOY ACHED ARO PAIRED HIM, ARO HIS WEARIRESS WAS ALMOST OVERWHELMIRR, AS HE ENTERED HIS URDERTAKING PARLOR.

IR A SEMI-TRARCE, HE MOVEO THROUGH THE ROOMS TO THE REAR OF THE RUILOING, ARO PUSHED OPEN THE LABORATORY OOOR...

PUZZLEO, HE MOVED SLOWLY AROURO UNTIL HE WAS IR FRORT OF HER. THEN SHE RLARED UP AT HIM ARO SNARLEO! HE GASPED IR HORROR AS HE SAW HER FARGED, BLOOD-COVERED MOUTH... THE TWO SMALL ROLES IR HER VICTIM'S RECK...



# THE WITCH'S CAULDRON!

NEE, NEE! I GOT A *DILLY* COOKED UP! *SMELL IT!* COME IN! COME INTO *THE HAUNT OF FEAR!* I'M YOUR *WAITRESS* IN *WAILS, THE OLD WITCH!* EACH TIME WE MEET, I LIGHT THE FIRE UNDER MY *CAULDRON* AND BREW A *TASTY TALE* OF *SAVORY SCREAMINGS, GARNISHED* WITH *GORE,* TOPPED OFF WITH A *DASH* OF *DELIRIUM,* AND SERVED UP TO YOU AS A *HEAPING HORROR HELPING!* THIS LITTLE YARN I'M ABOUT TO DISH OUT OUGHT TO GO PRETTY *FUR!* IT'S CALLED..

## ...WITH ALL THE TRAPPINGS!

A GENTLE BREEZE FANNED THE PINE TREES THAT TOWERED ABOVE THE TOWN'S ONLY CEMETERY! THE SMALL BAND OF FUR-TRAPPERS AND THEIR WIVES STOOD IN SILENCE AS THE SIMPLE PINE BOX WAS LOWERED INTO THE YAWNING GRAVE! THE MOURNERS HAD COME DOWN FROM THEIR CABINS SCATTERED THROUGHOUT THE CANADIAN NORTH WOODS TO PAY THEIR LAST RESPECTS TO A FELLOW-TRAPPER

EMILE WAS A *GOOD* MAN!

WE WILL *MISS* HIM ON THE TRAP LINES, COME WINTER!

COME, MARIA! IT IS OVER!

GRAUPNER

AN AGED COUPLE TURNED FROM THE SAD SCENE AND MADE THEIR WAY OUT OF THE CEMETERY.

PIENNE! WHAT IS IT? YOU ARE SO *PALE!*

IT IS *NOTHING*, MARIA! *NOTHING!*

PIERRE DUVAL AND HIS WIFE, MARIA, TROUDED WEARILY OUT OF TOWN AND INTO THE WOODS ALONG A WELL-WORN TRAIL...

IT MUST BE *SOMETHING* TO MAKE YOU GROW SO WHITE, PIERRE!

I WOULD RATHER NOT SPEAK ABOUT IT, MARIA!

THE OLD PEOPLE CONTINUED ON IN SILENCE! THE PATH THEY TRAVELED BECAME MORE AND MORE OVERGROWN WITH EACH FOOT! FINALLY, THEY CAME TO A CLEARING...

AH, IT IS GOOD TO BE HOME!

I WILL MAKE YOU SOME *TEA*, PIENNE! PERHAPS YOU WILL *FEEL BETTER!*

PIENNE AND HIS WIFE ENTERED THE SPARSELY FURNISHED TRAPPER'S CABIN

PIERRE SANK DOWN AT THE LARGE TABLE AT ONE END OF THE ROOM

MARIA! I CANNOT *STAND* TO THINK OF EITHER OF US *DYING* AND BEING *BURIED IN THE GROUND* PREY TO *WORMS* AND *CRAWLING THINGS!*

AH! SO *THAT* IS WHAT IS *TROUBLING* YOU, PIERRE!

*EMILE!* THEY PUT HIM INTO A *PINE BOX!* SOON IT WILL *ROT!* SOON THE *MAGGOTS* WILL GET AT HIS REMAINS...

A *PINE BOX* IS ALL THAT EMILE'S FAMILY COULD *AFFORD*, PIERRE!

*NO!* I WILL *NOT* BE BURIED LIKE *THAT!* *NEVER!*

*HUSH* NOW AND DRINK YOUR *TEA!* STOP *TALKING* THAT WAY!

SO PIENNE HUSHED AND DRANK HIS TEA! HE STOPPED *TALKING* ABOUT IT. BUT HE DIDN'T STOP *THINKING* ABOUT IT! THE HORRENDOUS THOUGHT OF BURYING MARIA.. OR BEING BURIED HIMSELF...IN A PINE BOX.. TO BECOME A VICTIM OF THE WORMS AND RATS, PREYED UPON HIS MIND! THEN WITCH CAME...

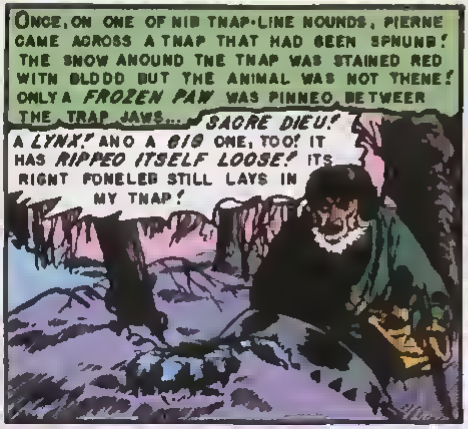
IT IS TIME TO SET UP THE TRAP-LINES, PIENNE! MAKE THEM *SHORT* THIS YEAR! YOU ARE *OLD!*

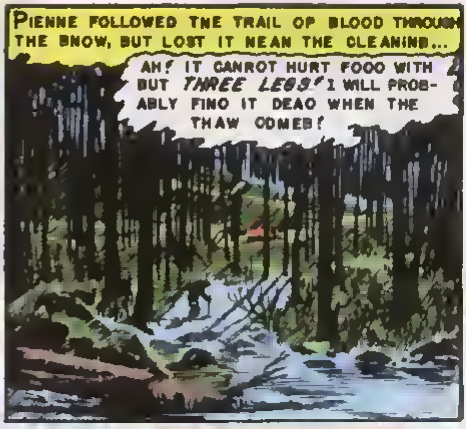
*OLD* AND *NEAR DEATH*, MARIA! I WILL MAKE THEM *LONGER* THIS YEAR! I MUST HAVE *MONEY!*

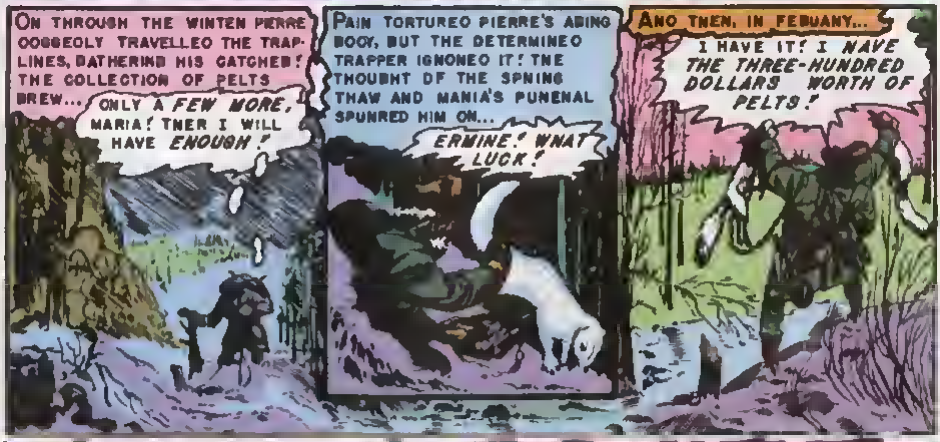
SOON THE ENOWS NEGAN TO FALL ANO THE TEMPENATURE ONOPPED TO FREEZINS! FIERRE TOOK OUT HIE TNAPS, ISNONING THE PAINS OF ANE TNAT WNACKED HIE NOOY! NE WAN GONE A WEEK LAYINN THE TNAP-LINE.
PIENNE! YOU ANE MAD! IT IT WILL TAKE YOU THREE DAYS ANO TWO NIGHTS TO COVEN THE TNAP-LINEE! IT IN TOO MUCH FON YOU!
I MUST DO IT, MAHIA! I MUST!
THIE ENVELOPE CAME WHILE YOU WENE AWAY! JULES ENOUGHT IT OUT FROM THE SETTLEMENT!
AH! WHAT I WAS WAITING FON!
PIENNE TONE OFEN THE ENVELOPE AND NENAN TO NEAD THE ENCLONED FOLDER! MANIA FEENEO OVEN HIE EHOULDEN AND NESPED...
METAL VAULTS? WHAT IS THAT, PIERRE?
SEE! IT SAYS SO... RIGHT HERE! SEE? 'ABSOLUTE PROTECTION!'
PROTECTION? FNOM WHAT?
THE MAGGOTS! INE WORMS! A METAL VAULT IS THE ANSWER! THE COFFIN GOES INSIDE! EVENY-TNINN IN SEALED!
PIERNE! ETOP IT! YOU AHE CRAZY TO THINK OF SUCH THINGS
H'MMMMM! TOO BAD! THE PRICES ARE NOT GIVEN!
EVENY NONDAY MONNINN, PIERNE WOULD NET OFF ON TNE THNEE DAY TRIP TO COVEN HIN TRAP-LINE AND EATHEN THE ANIMALS THAT HAD EEEN CAUNNT! LATE IN DECEMSEN, WHEN HE WAE NETUHNING PROM ONE OF THESE TNIPS
MARIA! MARIA! WHAT IS IT?
MAHIA LAY NPNAWLED ON TNE CABIN PLOOH! SHE WAS DEAD! FIENNE FELL ON HIS KNEES AND WEPT...
MARIA... SOB... MARIA!

AFTER A WHILE, PIERNE STOOD UP AND DNIED HIS EYES! HE LOOKED DOWN AT NIS DECEASED WIFE. HIS FACE DETENNINED
DO NOT SORRY, MARIA! I WILL NOT LET THEM PUT YOU IN A FLIMSY PINE BOX! I WILL NOT LET THEM FEED YOU TO THE GRAVE CRAWLERS!
PIERNE SENT AND LIFTED NIS DEAD WIFE'S BODY! HE CARRIED IT TO THE INDR BED THAT STOOD AT ORE END F THE CASIN AND LAID HER DOWN GENTLY
I'LL BE BACK SOON, MARIA! I AM SDIRS INTO THE SETTLEMENT TO INQUINE ABOUT METAL VAULTS!
PIENRE TNUDGED DOWN THE SNOW-COVERED TRAIL TO THE NORTH WOODS SETTLEMENT! BY THE TIME HE'D ENTERED THE TOWN PIENRE HAD DECIDED ON A COUNSE OF ACTION
I MUST BE CAREFUL! PERHAPS THE METAL VAULT IS EXPENSIVE IF I CARNOT AFFORD IT, THEY WILL FORCE ME TO BURY MARIA IN A PINE BOX!
SO WHEN PIERRE ENTERED THE OFFICE OF THE TOWN UNDER TAKER
PIERRE! PIERRE DUVAL! ER...DO NOT TELL ME THERE IS BAD NEWS, MON AMI!
NO, HENRI! IT IS NOT THAT! I JUST WANT A LITTLE INFORMATION!
YOU SEE, MARIA AND I WERE THINKING! WE ARE SETTING ON IN YEARS NOW! WE FEEL THAT WE OUGHT TO BEGIN PREPARING FOR.. WELL. YOU UNDERSTAND! WE HAVE HEARD ABOUT METAL VAULTS AND WOULD LIKE TO KNOW MORE ASDUT THEM!
FORGET ABOUT A METAL VAULT, PIERRE!
ONE OF THOSE THINGS COSTS THREE HUNDRED DOLLARS!
THREE HUNDRED! MON DIEU!
PIENNE NETURNED TO HIS CABIN AND SANK INTO A CHAIN BESIDE HIS DEAD WIFE'S BODY...
THREE HUNDRED DOLLARS! WHY.. IT WOULD TAKE A WHOLE WINTER'S TRAPPING TO MAKE THAT MUCH MONEY!

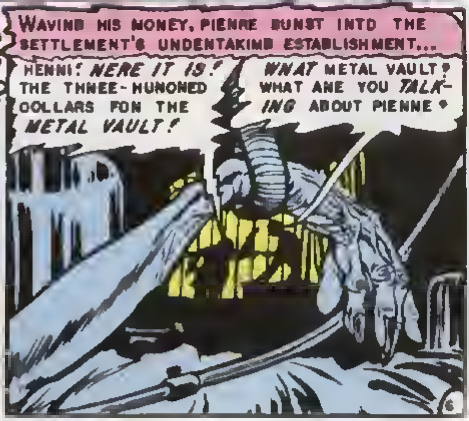
SUDDENLY PIERRE JUMPED UP! HE RUSHED TO THE WINDOW AND STARED OUT AT THE ICICLES HANGING FROM THE ROOF...
OF COURSE! OF COURSE! HOW SIMPLE! HOW EASY!
PIERRE TURNED TO HIS DEAD MARIA...
YOU WILL HAVE YOUR METAL VAULT, MARIA! I WILL WAIT TILL I HAVE TRAPPED THREE-HUNDRED DOLLARS WORTH OF PELTS...AND THEN I WILL BURY YOU!
PIERRE CANNIED MARIA OUT INTO THE FREEZING WIND AND AROUND TO THE BACK OF THE CABIN! A SNOW LADEN SHACK, USED IN THE SUMMER AS AN ICE-HOUSE, STOOD BEFORE HIM..
IN THE MEANWHILE... YOU WILL SLEEP IN HERE!
FROM THE FROZEN STREAM BEYOND THE CLEARING, PIERRE CUT BLOCKS OF ICE AND DRAGGED THEM TO THE SHED ..WHERE MARIA, COVERED WITH A THREADBARE QUILT, LAY ON A WORN MATTRESS...
THE ICE WILL FREEZE YOU, MY DEAR! YOU WILL STAY PRESERVED UNTIL YOUR FUNERAL!
THEN PIERRE LOCKED THE SHED DOOR AND PILED SNOW HIGH AROUND TO SEAL IT..
..JUST LIKE THE FROZEN-FOOD LOCKERS I HAVE READ ABOUT!
IN THE MONTH THAT FOLLOWED, PIERRE LENGTHENED HIS TRAP-LINE SO THAT IT TOOK HIM ALMOST A WEEK TO COVER IT! EACH MONDAY HE WOULD SET OUT, AND BY SATURDAY WOULD RETURN LADEN WITH THE FUR-BEARING ANIMALS THAT HAD BEEN ENSNARED ..
GASP... THIS WEEK WAS GOOD! TWO OTTERS...ONE SILVER FOX.. ONE MUSKRAT ...AND TWO LYNX! TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS, AT LEAST!
PIERRE WORKED HIS TRAP-LINE FEVERISHLY THROUGHOUT THE LONG WINTER! EACH TIME HE RETURNED TO HIS CABIN WITH PELTS, HE WOULD STOP BY THE SHED...
IT WILL NOT BE LONG NOW, MARIA! SOON I WILL HAVE ENOUGH!
5


ONCE, ON ONE OF HIS TRAP-LINE ROUNDS, PIERRE CAME ACROSS A TRAP THAT HAD BEEN SPRUNG! THE SNOW AROUND THE TRAP WAS STAINED RED WITH BLOOD BUT THE ANIMAL WAS NOT THERE! ONLY A FROZEN PAW WAS PINNED BETWEEN THE TRAP JAWS...
SACRE DIEU! A LYNX! AND A BIG ONE, TOO! IT HAS RIPPED ITSELF LOOSE! ITS RIGHT FORELEG STILL LAYS IN MY TRAP!


PIERRE FOLLOWED THE TRAIL OF BLOOD THROUGH THE SNOW, BUT LOST IT NEAR THE CLEARING...
AH! IT CANNOT HURT FOOD WITH BUT THREE LEGS! I WILL PROBABLY FIND IT DEAD WHEN THE THAW COMES!


ON THROUGH THE WINTER PIERRE DOGGEDLY TRAVELLED THE TRAP-LINES, GATHERING HIS CATCHES! THE COLLECTION OF PELTS GREW...
ONLY A FEW MORE, MARIA! THEN I WILL HAVE ENOUGH!
PAIN TORTURED PIERRE'S ABING BODY, BUT THE DETERMINED TRAPPER IGNORED IT! THE THOUGHT OF THE SPRING THAW AND MANIA'S PUNERAL SPURRED HIM ON...
ERMINE! WHAT LUCK!
AND THEN, IN FEBUARY...
I HAVE IT! I HAVE THE THREE-HUNDRED DOLLARS WORTH OF PELTS!

PIERRE PACKED HIS COLLECTION OF FURS AND HUSHED INTO THE SETTLEMENT TO SELL THEM...
OKAY, CUVAL! HERE'S YOUR MOREY! THREE-HUNDRED AND FOUR DOLLARS!
THARK YOU! THANK YOU!


WAVING HIS MONEY, PIERRE BURST INTO THE SETTLEMENT'S UNDERTAKING ESTABLISHMENT...
HENRI! HERE IT IS! THE THREE-HUNDRED DOLLARS FOR THE METAL VAULT!
WHAT METAL VAULT? WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT PIERRE?

FOR MY WIFE! THE METAL VAULT FOR MY WIFE! NO FLIMSY PINE BOX FOR HER!
MARIA? SHE IS DEAD?
YES! SHE DIED IN DECEMBER!
MON DIEU, DUVAL! YOU HAVE KEPT HER SINCE THEN?
YES! SHE IS FROZEN IN THE ICE-HOUSE! I WANTED TO BURY HER IN A METAL VAULT SO SHE WOULD SLEEP IN PEACE... UNDISTURBED! YOU WILL ORDER IT NOW?
OF... OF COURSE, PIERRE! OF COURSE!
PIERRE HURRIED BACK TO HIS CABIN THROUGH THE ICY WINDS! HE WANTED TO TELL MARIA THE GOOD NEWS...
MARIA! MARIA! I HAVE DONE IT! I HAVE ORDERED YOUR FUNERAL!
AS PIERRE UNLOCKED THE ICE-HOUSE, TEARS OF JOY FILLED HIS AGING EYES! HE SWUNG OPEN THE DOOR, SMILING HAPPILY! SUDDENLY THE SMILE FROZE ON HIS WIZENED FACE!... HIS EYES WIDENED IN HORROR...
MARIA! OH... MON DIEU!
MARIA'S BODY HAD BEEN GNAWED FROM ITS MATTRESS BIER AND LAY RIGID IN A DARK CORNER OF THE SUB-ZERO ICE HOUSE! MOST OF ITS FLESH HAD BEEN STRIPPED AWAY LEAVING WHITE BONES! BESIDE IT, A VICIOUS LOOKING GRAY FORM CROUCHED, FANGS BARED! A LYNX WITH ITS RIGHT FORELEG TORN OFF...
YAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHH!
HEE, HEE! LIKE THEY SAY, KIDDIES! A CHAIN OF EVENTS IS ONLY AS STRONG AS ITS WEAKEST LYNX! SO POOR PIERRE'S PLAN WAS TORN TO SHREDS! THE BLEEDING WILD-CAT JUST CRAWLED INTO THE ICE HOUSE... FOUND ITSELF A FREE MEAL TICKET — AND HUNG AROUND! NOT THAT I BLAME IT! AFTER ALL, A HOT MEAL IS FINE... BUT COLD CUTS ARE BETTER THAN NOTHING! OF COURSE, PIERRE GOLFED THE LAME OLD FELINE! HEE, HEE! HE TEED-OFF ON THE LYNX! BYE, NOW!

# THE VAULT-KEEPER'S CORNER

President and CEO—Stephen A. Geppi

Publisher—Russ Cochran

Dear VK,

I just love my EC. I only have #11 of THE VAULT OF HORROR, but I sure intend to get more! I loved all the stories, but I thought "Fountains of Youth!" was the best. Of course I will convince my friends to buy ECs because your comics are the best I've ever seen in my life (I'm 11 years old). Keep up the great work, both you and Russ. Truly a fan,

Ian Rose — Indianapolis, IN

**If you live to 111, same result! You can get our back issues from us direct (see end of letters column).**
**—VK**

I have questions. 1) Is there a video game of "Tales from the Crypt"? 2) Which monster is the strongest? 3) What happens to a werewolf if you grind it up or burn it to ashes, does it die? (People say only silver can kill werewolfs.)

Someone — Somewhere, MI

**1) Dunno; don't care. 2) The Living Limburger. 3) Check "Wish You Were Here" (HAUNT 22, in GLAD VAULT #3). Heh-haht**
**—VK**

Dear VK,

I really loved your issue 12. My favorite story was "A Stitch in Time!". I guess Mr. Lasch got all tied up in the end. How are you doing in The Vault of Horror? You're the coolest ghoul around. Well, I'd better go or my mummy will suck my blood. Horrifically yours,

Cody Alexander, age 11 — Lawrenceburg, KY

Dear VK,

You are the greatest! I have collected your comics since VAULT #10. It was great! I especially loved "One Last Fling!". I have just one question. Are you and OW going to be on the 'Crypt' show? The fourth GhouLunatic,

Derek McKearin — Houston, TX

**Maybe not, but simplified versions of us are on the Saturday kidvid.**
**—VK**

I recently became a fan of you and the OW and CK before I left for India where I'm writing you from.

India has many gruesome, ghostly rumors. There's a haunted house in my neighborhood. Have you done any of your haunting in India?

In the story "Monster in the Ice!" the OW said she teaches a cooking class. What kinds of foods does she cook? May I come to a class? If not, I beg her to send me a recipe.

My father read the story "What the Dog Dragged In!" as a kid. I write horror stories. I'll send you some. (I'll be back when the letter reaches you.)

Evan Henry, age 9 — La Mesa, CA

**Did you visit the capital, In India-napolis?**
**(VK, you provincial poophead, that's INDIA—the subcontinent!**
**—ED)**

**Oh, you mean भारत, eh? Speaking of which, The Old Witch sent me a dish spiced with curry—TIM Curry!!**
**—VK**

Dear Vault-Keeper,

Is it me or does "What the Dog Dragged In!" in issue #11 bear a lot of resemblance to a story written by Ray Bradbury? It's me, isn't it?

After reading "Gone...Fishing!" (also in issue #11) I'll think twice about eating a chocolate bar that is lying around on the beach!

While reading one of my two copies of "Masters of Terror" I noticed that "The Music of Erich Zann" by H.P. Lovecraft was illustrated by an artist named Johnny Craig! I couldn't help but wonder if it was the one and only Johnny Craig of EC. Is it?

If you print this letter, please print my address. I would like to hear from fellow EC fans.

Eloise Radke — 3225 E. Baseline/#206, Gilbert, AZ 85234

**Well, maybe Al Feldstein sat on a copy of "Dark Carnival" somewhere along the line. Methinks if Johnny Craig did the lites on a Lovecraft story we could figure it out by looking. Can you send a photocopy (or can another reader confirm or deny)?**
**—VK**

Dear Vault-Keeper,

I'm your #1 fan. I like all 3 of you...even The Old Witch. You and The Crypt-Keeper are my favorites. I wish you had a show of your own. If I were the creator I would call it TALES FROM THE VAULT OF HORROR. In VAULT #9 "Grandma's a Ghost" was cool! And I liked "One Last Fling!". I like all of your stories so far.

James Franco — Agawam, MA

Dear VK,

I loved VAULT #10! I have never been a big fan of VAULT, but after this issue I think I'll reconsider. The best story was "What the Dog Dragged In!". I also liked OW's story. It was a great sequel to "Frankenstein."

I have a suggestion: take out CK's "Page of Fine Arts" and just make "The VK's Corner" longer. I like the latter column better, and think it should be longer.

C.K.P.O.A. doesn't appear in CRYPT. Why does it appear here? Keep up the good work.

John Brown — Harriman, TN

**It's a simple matter of mathematics; The Script-Reader, er, Crypt-Keeper gets a TV-inflated number of letters and needs his three pages of space to keep the little horror-hounds satisfied. THEN he pulls rank and uses my and Witchie's third page for his own overweening self-promotion! But I've fooled him; now I'M getting three pages of letters!**
**—VK**

Dear VK,

Please please please please please *please* will you print a story about your origin? CK did and I bet you ten bucks that yours is much more fascinating

Here's a question I have how come there's no blood in your stories?

Oh yeah—recently in one of the comic book stores in my quaint suburban little town I purchased a HAUNT OF FEAR from the 70s There were published letters in it, but there were only two Why? Well, I better go crawl into my coffin almost sunrise, y'know. Please print my address, I would love to have a pen-pal! Horrifyingly yours,

Audrey Sheehan, 13
12 Cherry Lane Dr
Reading MA 01867

**Not only is my origin more fascinating, it's perfectly undiscernible! More blood in my comics? Funny you should bring that up THIS ISH! Heh-heh!**

**You must have bought an EAST COAST reprint, they were done in the 70s. We have some for sale, write for details. —VK**

Russ, (and, of course, the GhouLunatics),

Seeing the mention of Ron Mann's COMIC BOOK CONFIDENTIAL, I will notify computer-toting EC Fan Addicts that Voyager came out with a CD-Rom called "Comic Book Confidential" that not only has the movie but filmographs, biographics, information about other comic artists such as Robert Crumb and Lynda Barry, and some great comics preserved forever on CD Rom Unfortunately, I didn't have enough memory in Hypercard to watch the movie, so if anyone out there on the crypt net knows where I can find a VHS copy, I would be forever indebted As always please print my address (If you must find a nickname for me I'd prefer She-ra over my own patriotic last name!! Ok?!)

Ashley Flagg
40 Pine Hill ST
Manchester CT 06040-3111

**I'd lend you mine, IF MANN WOULD COME THRU WITH THE TWO VHS COPIES his organization offered in exchange for our supply of visuals! Maybe the ol' VK memory banks are bankrupt, but I don't recall bestowing a nickname on ya. How 'bout we name you after the famous Indian princess, Donjaburnda? —VK**

Dear Vault-Keeper,

You guys down at VAULT are doing an excellent job and I thank you for it! I was very impressed with #11 Jack Kamen did an excellent job with "What the Dog Dragged In"

I have a question for the Vault Keeper Are you married? If not would you like to be in the future? Please print my address because I would love to hear from other fans!

Theresa Goghia
Elisabeth Ruiz
4139 N Pulaski
Chicago IL 60641

**No, I am not married. Yes, I would like to be in the future. In fact, I think I'll go there now (by reading WEIRD FANTASY #13, on sale this month!).—VK**

To whom it may concern,

Four years ago I went into a comics shop Being 50 years young at the time, I couldn't make heads or tails from looking at the racks! Gosh, so many characters, so much color, boxes of back-issues some priced less than new ones. What's what? I purchased what I could understand at the time

I've been a part-time flea market dealer of toy collectibles for 10 years now I have about $1 500 worth of collectible toys, and 300 comics. I also have cards, sets and singles. I have decided to specialize in comics, subjects or subject not quite defined yet

Being cautious I am imploring your guidance I wish to phase out my toy line and go with comics. What should I buy and why?

Richard S Dainys
Worcester MA

**I'm contractually bound to say—buy, sell, trade EC comics! Maybe our readers have more balanced suggestions. —VK**

Dear VK,

I really liked the story you wrote called "About Face!" (VAULT 9). I think that Steve should've stayed with Lydia. I like all of your stories. I keep wanting more What did you think about the stories in #9?

Brett Burgoon
Ottawa KS

**Liked mine, hated his, liked mine, hated hers. (Surprised?) —VK**

Dear Russ,

I really love CRYPT, VAULT and HAUNT But I would like to see a new mag I'd like to call it MONSTER MADNESS In it, I don't want any nudity, bad words etc I would like to have scopes on movies (horror movies) scary stories, contests, interviews with directors, authors (like R L. Stine), etc Please consider this mag

Justin Winkelman
Sioux City, IA

**Good idea! Can't help you, but it's a good idea! —VK**

Dear EC,

I would like to start off by saying that I am a big fan of your comics The reason I am writing is that I have an idea that I hope you like My idea is to make CREEPSHOW a monthly comic If you do not like my idea could you at least make two comics based on the movies? I am serious about this I hope you answer it seriously CK has the habit of giving goofy answers.

Michael Dooney
Saddle Brook, NJ

**And, Goofy gives cryptic answers. But seriously, folks; another good idea. Can't help you, but... —VK**

**NEXT ISSUE**

Dear VK,

It's me again, your #1 fan! Your stories are the best! I want to ask you a question: When do these stories appear: "The Ventriloquist's Dummy!", "Strung Along!", "Mournin' Mess", "The New Arrival", "Collection Completed!", "You, Murderer", "Dig that Cat: He's Real Gone!" "My Brother's Keeper", "4-Sided Triangle", "Maniac at Large" "Only Sin Deep", "Operation Friendship" and "Creep Course"?

Which issue of HAUNT does the Ray Bradbury story come out? Did you know Jack Kamen worked in the movie CREEPSHOW? True, he was the comic book artist! Well it's almost day, better get to my coffin! Till next SLIME!

Ramiro J. Roman — Glendale, CA

**[Sound of drawing deep breath]...CRYPT 28, VAULT 33, HAUNT 28, VAULT 25, SHOCK 14, HAUNT 21, SHOCK 18, SHOCK 17, CRIME 27, HAUNT 24, CRYPT 41, HAUNT 23! Beware, these are the ORIGINAL numberings! Heh, heh! Many issues of various EC titles have Bradbury plots in them. —VK**

Dear Vault-Keeper,

You are my favorite story teller of all three [GhoulLunatics] I want to know why will you not get your own TV show like The Crypt-Keeper. That really gets me mad.

Mark Piekielniak — Utica, NY

**My agent is working on a gig on LAW & ORDER; they didn't have an opening as a cop or a lawyer but I'm a shoo-in for the ampersand! —VK**

Vault-Keeper,

Whaddaya hear, whaddaya say? Boy VAULT #11 was another great issue! Horror just doesn't get much scarier than this! These books really keep you on the edge of your seat! They have as much of an impact now as they did in the 1950s, I'm sure. And it's because of this that I'll keep on collecting.

Hey, Vault-Keeper. I was wondering: I think you and The Old Witch should also come out on the "Tales from the Crypt" TV show that the Crypt-Keeper hosts. Since all three of you host the CRYPT, VAULT and HAUNT books why can't all three of you host the TV show? Sounds like a good idea to me. Why don't the three of you talk it over?

Well, the sun has finally gone down, and it's time for me to dance in the moonlight with the other vampires. Take care, VK, and remember, Adam's Apple a day keeps the doctor away! (Print the address to my haunted house, please. Any other vampires and vampiresses out there are more than welcome to write me in Spanish, English, French or Italian. I'm the vampire with a heart of gold.)

Tony Martinez (age 17) — 6041 S. California AV, Chicago, IL 60629

**The vampire with a heart of gold, and a tooth to match! —VK**

Dear Creator(s) of My Favorite Comic Book of All Time

This is a comic book fanboy chain letter. A c b f c l can be good luck for comic book creators, if the chain isn't broken. For instance: In 1994 J. Shooter broke the chain: soon afterwards his entire company went belly up. But, in 1984 A. Aragones kept the chain going, despite all logic, his book is still being published.

To keep the chain going, the following acts must occur: 1. After receiving this letter, the publisher must print it in the comic's letter column. 2. Every person who reads this letter must go to their local comic book store on New Comics Day, buy the latest issues of three non-superhero comics that he's never tried, read the books, and write sincere letters of comment to the comics' creators. 3. Each publisher must make five copies of this letter and must send them to five comic book creators he wants to annoy.

Gentle readers, it is most important that each and every one of you keep the chain going. In 1982, after reading a comic book created by D. Stevens, a 15 year old boy in Biloxi, Mississippi broke the chain. Today Mr. Stevens would be lucky to create a single comic book story every three years. Coincidence? I think not.

Jeff Conner — Okinawa City, Okinawa, JAPAN

PS) For extraordinary good luck for the comic book creator, one of the books purchased should be either Steve Gallaci's ALBEDO (published by Antartic Press) or WEIRD SCIENCE (published by Gemstone Publishing).

**I shoulda known it was a chain letter, the envelope clanked! —VK**

## NEXT ISSUE

**Also available this month are WEIRD FANTASY and TWO-FISTED TALES. Watch for HAUNT, CRIME and FRONTLINE COMBAT next month. Don't forget CRYPT, WEIRD SCIENCE and SHOCK. Get them at your local comic book shop or SUBSCRIBE (see our ad in this comic for details)!**

**BACK ISSUES: CRYPT #1 (subject to availability), $8 each. All others up thru issue #9, $1.50 each. Issues #4 and up, $2 each. Don't forget the entire 11-issue run of WEIRD SCIENCE-FANTASY/INCREDIBLE SCIENCE FICTION! Add $5 per order ($10 outside US) for S&H.**

**We want letters! Write to:**
**VAULT**
**GEMSTONE**
**POB 469**
**WEST PLAINS MO 65775**

**THIS COMIC REPRINTS**
**YAULT OF HORROR "#24" (#13, APR/MAY 1952)**

COVER by Johnny Craig
"A Bloody Undertaking!" — Johnny Craig
" With All the Trappings!" — Graham Ingels
"Impressed by a Nightmare!" — Joe Orlando
"The Death Wagon!" — Jack Davis

We welcome letters of comment. We cannot promise to acknowledge, publish or answer letters. We edit for clarity, accuracy and length. We automatically withhold street address and zip code unless you clearly state you wish them published. We attempt to acknowledge publication of letters; to do so we need your address or the individual letter.

# I CALL THIS COLORFUL, DREAMY TALE OF TERROR IMPRESSED BY A NIGHTMARE!

FRED DWORKIN TOOK THE STEAMING SILEX OF COFFEE FROM THE STOVE AND POURED HIMSELF A CUP! HE GLANCED UP AT THE KITCHEN CLOCK! IT WAS FOUR THIRTY-FIVE A.M.! A SLEEPY-EYED WOMAN ENTERED THE KITCHEN...

MR DWORKIN SLIPPED ON HIS LEATHER JACKET, PERCHED A CAP ON HIS GREYING HEAD, AND TUCKED A TIN LUNCH-BOX UNDER HIS ARM...

FRED KISSED HIS WIFE AND PATTED HER CHEEK! HE SMILED WAHMLY...

FONGET IT, NONEY! IT WAS JUST A DREAM! WHY DON'T YOU THY TO GET SONE SLEEP TILL YNE KIDS GET UP?

JACKIE WILL GK UP AT SIX THINTY! I MIGHT AS WELL STAY UP!

OKAY! DO WHAT YOU LIKE! I ONLY WISH I COULD HAVE ABOUT THREE MORE HOUNS OF SLEEP! HO-HUM! WELL! 'BYE, EMMA!

'BYE, FNED!

MN. OWONKIN WENT OUT INTO THE GNEY DAWN, AND EMMA WATCHED TILL HE TUNNED TNE CONNER! THEN SHE WENT SACK INSIDE...

MIGHY AS WELL STAHT GETTING SHEAKFAST NEADY!

EMMA OPEHED THE NEFHIGEHATON AND WITHDHEW A CAN OF FHOZEN ONANGE JUICE! THEN SHE TOOK A CAN-OPENEN FROM A DNAWEN! SUDDENLY, AS SHE PNESSED THE OPENER-KNIPE INTO THE MOIST CAN-LID..

OOOOOOOOH! I SLIPPED!

EMMA FELT A STING OF PAIN AS THE NAZOR-SNANP CAN-LID CUT THNOUGH THE FLESH! SHE LIFTED THE WOUNDED FINGEN AND STANES AT THE SCANLET STREAM OOZING FNOM THE INCISION.

I... I CUT MY FINGER! THE... THE BLOOD! IT'S JUST LIKE MY DREAM!

THAT AFTERNOON, FRED OWORKIN RETURNED HOME FROM THE PRINTING PLANT WHERE HE WORKED! HE NOTICED THE BANDAGE ON EMMA'S FINGER AND QUESTIONED HER ABOUT IT...

IT'S NOTHING, FNED! MY HAND SLIPPED WHILE I WAS OPENING A CAN AND I CUT MY FINGER! JUST A SCNATCH.

YOU OUGHT TO BE MONE *CAREFUL* EMMA! I DON'T LIKE TO SEE YOU HUNT YOUNSELF!

NOTHING WAS SAID ABOUT EMMA'S DNEAM ON ITS CONNECTION WITH HER ACCIDENT! BUT THAT NIGHT...

JILL! JILL! LOOK OUT! OH... LORD!

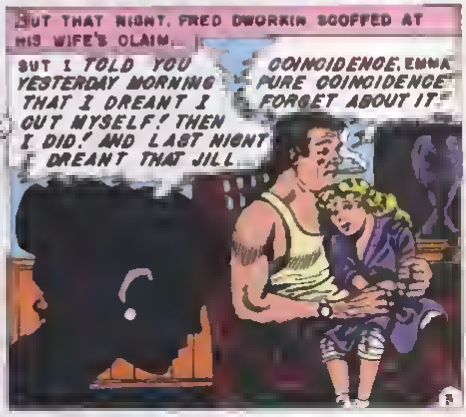
HUH? WNA...? EMMA! EMMA! WAKE UP!

BUT THE NEXT MORNING, AS JILL WAS COMING HOME FROM SCHOOL FOR LUNCH, SHE BEGAN TO RUN! EMMA WATCHED HER FROM THE FRONT STEPS! A COLD CHILL CREPT UP HER SPINE! SHE TRIED TO CRY OUT TO HER DAUGHTER

JILL'S AWKWARD LEGS TANGLED AS SHE PITCHED FORWARD! FOR A SPLIT SECOND, SHE SEEMED TO HANG THERE! THEN SHE HIT THE PAVEMENT.. BOOKS FLYING! EMMA RUSHED TOWARD HER...

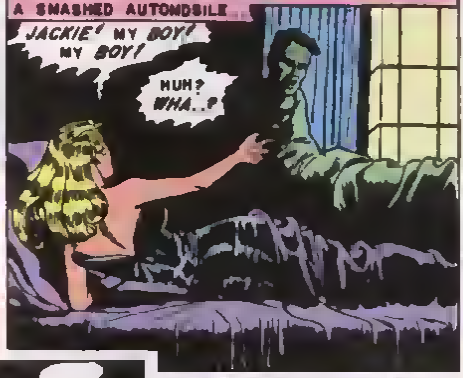
JILL HAD SCRAPED HER KNEES BADLY! HER LEGS WERE COVERED WITH THE BLOOD THAT POURED FROM THE ABRASIONS! SHE WAS CRYING SO LOUDLY THAT SHE NEVER HEARD HER MOTHER'S HORRIFIED WHISPER AS EMMA LOOKED DOWN AT THE RAW AND BLEEDING BRUISES...

BUT THAT NIGHT, FRED DWORKIN SCOFFED AT HIS WIFE'S CLAIM...

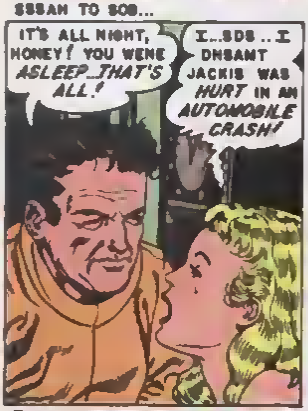


THAT NIGHT, EMMA FOUND IT DIFFICULT FALLING ASLEEP! WHEN SHE FINALLY DOZED OFF, SHE BEGAN TO DREAM AGAIN! THIS TIME IT WAS ABOUT HER TEEN-AGE SON, JACKIE! JACKIE WAS SITTING DOWN HOLDING A ROUND OBJECT...TURNING IT...AND TURNING IT! A LOOK OF HORROR WAS PAINTED ON HIS EIGHTEEN-YEAR-OLD FACE..

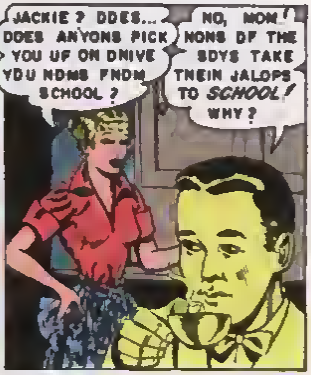
A BLOOD-CURDLING SCREECH, A CRASH OF GLASS, AND JACKIE LAY MOANING...HALF-IN, HALF-OUT OF A SMASHED AUTOMOBILE..



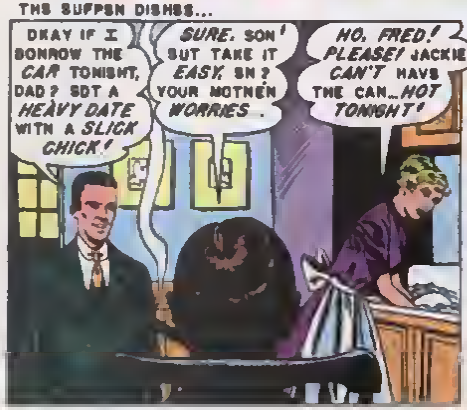

EMMA SAT SOLT UPNIGHT! SHE SSSAN TO SOB...

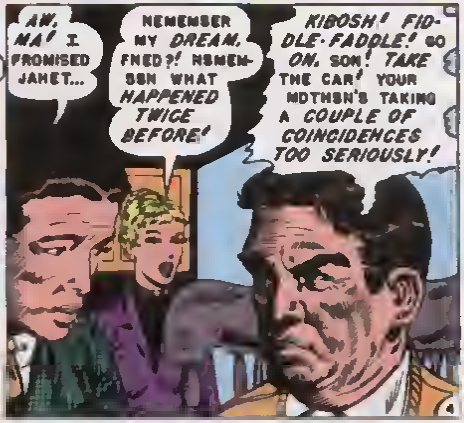


THE NEXT DAY, EMMA QUESTIONED HER SON AT BREAKFAST..




BUT THAT NIGHT, AS EMMA WAS WASHING AWAY THE SUPPER DISHES...



BUT, FRED...
THAT'S ENOUGH, EMMA! YOU'RE NOT GOING TO SPOIL THE BOY'S EVERING BECAUSE OF A SILLY OLD DREAM!
SEE, DAD! THANKS!
IT WAS ABOUT TEN-THIRTY THAT NIGHT THAT THE TELEPHONE RANG! EMMA GASPED! FRED LOOKED AT HER... THE COLOR FADING FROM HIS FACE...
RRING RRING
WELL... DON'T JUST SIT THERE. IT IT'S PROBABLY YOUR SISTER! ANSWER IT!
EMMA WENT TO THE PHONE AND LIFTED THE RECEIVER HESITANTLY! SHE LISTENED FOR A MOMENT...THEN CHOKED OUT A SQUEEKY WHIMPER AND SLUMPED TO THE FLOOR...
U-UNNNNOO!
EMMA! WHAT IS IT?
FRED RUSHED TO HIS WIFE'S SIDE! SHE NOTIONED TO THE PHONE! FRED PICKED UP THE DANGLING RECEIVER! THE VOICE ON THE OTHER END WAS WEAK BUT RECOGNIZABLE...
HEL..HELLO?
IT'S ME...DAD! JACKIE! YOU..YOU BETTER COME..DOWN ...AND PICK ME UP! I'VE... I'VE HAD A...LITTLE... ACCIDENT!
JACKIE WAS ALL RIGHT! THE CAR WAS A WRECK, BUT HE'D HAD NO BONES BROKEN. JUST A FEW SCRATCHES! THEY PUT HIM TO BED!
SEE, DAD! I'M SORRY!
THAT'S OKAY, SON!
IF YOU'D LISTENED TO ME, FRED DWORKIN, THIS WOULDN'T HAVE HAPPENED!
EVER AFTER THEY WERE BOTH IN BED, EMMA LAMBASTED HER HUSBAND...
I...I TOLD YOU ABOUT MY DREAMS! EVERY ONE OF THEM CAME TRUE! THEY WERE WARNINGS! BUT WE DIDN'T LISTEN TO THEM! WARNINGS! ALL THOSE THINGS COULD HAVE BEEN PREVENTED, IF YOU'D ONLY LISTENED!
GO TO SLEEP, EMMA!
EMMA FINALLY FELL ASLEEP! HER DREAM WAS STRANGE! HER DREAM WAS NOISY! A ROARING AND A HUMMING FILLED HER EARS! AND THEN SHE COULD SEE IT PLAINLY ...THE PRESS...THE HUGE COLOR-PRESS...AND FRED WAY UP ON TOP...
IT'S FRED! HE'S AT WORK! HE'S LOOKING AROUND!
5

SUDDENLY, EMMA'S DREAM WAS FILLED WITH FRED'S SCREAM AS HE PLUNGED INTO THE ROARING MACHINERY

YEEAAAAAA

FRED! OH, LORD!

IT WAS *HORRIBLE!* FRED'S BODY WAS CAUGHT BETWEEN THE ROLLERS OF THE GIGANTIC PRINTING PRESS AND CRUSHED TO A MANGLED PULP! BLOOD SPATTERED THE GLEAMING METAL GEARS! EMMA COVERED HER EYES AND *SCREAMED*..

EEEEEAAA

SUDDENLY, EMMA WAS AWAKE! SHE SAT UP IN HER BED AND STARED INTO THE DARKNESS! THE BED BESIDE HER WAS EMPTY...

FRED! FRED!

EMMA LEAPED OUT OF BED AND HURRIED INTO THE KITCHEN! FRED WASN'T THERE...

HE'S *GONE*, ALREADY! GONE TO WORK! *HE'S GOING TO DIE! THREE* TIMES I DREAMT OF *ACCIDENTS*, AND *THREE* TIMES MY DREAMS CAME *TRUE!* AND NOW I DREAMT THAT FRED IS GOING TO FALL INTO THE PRESS! *I'VE GOT TO SAVE HIM!*

EMMA DRESSED QUICKLY AND STARTED OUT FOR THE PRINTING PLANT! ALL THE WAY, SHE PRAYED THAT SHE WOULD NOT BE TOO LATE! SHE RAN AS FAST AS SHE COULD! SHE ARRIVED BREATHLESS AND EXHAUSTED...

HEY! LADY! COME BACK HERE!

FRED! FRED! COME DOWN! COME DOWN!

FRED STOOD ATOP THE GIGANTIC COLOR PRESS, CHECKING ITS OPERATION! AT FIRST, HE DID NOT HEAR EMMA'S FRANTIC CRIES! THEN, AS HER HIGH-PITCHED VOICE REACHED HIM ABOVE THE ROAR OF THE MACHINERY, FRED SPUN AROUND! HIS FOOT SKIDDED OVER AN OIL-SLICK STAINING THE NARROW PLATFORM AND SHOT OUT FROM UNDER HIM! FOR A MOMENT, HE TOTTERED CRAZILY...THEN PLUNGED OFF HIS HIGH PERCH INTO THE THROBBING METAL GIANT

FRED! OH, LORD!

YEEAAAAAA

HEH, HEH! YEP! EMMA'S *FOURTH* DREAM CAME *TRUE, TOO!* OF COURSE, MAYBE IT *WOULDN'T HAVE* IF SHE'D *KEPT HER MOUTH SHUT!* FRED WOULD *NOT* HAVE *TURNED AROUND* AND *SLIPPED!* OH, BY THE WAY, IF THIS MAGAZINE IS *LATE* GETTING TO YOUR NEWSSTAND, THE EXPLANATION IS *SIMPLE!* YOU SEE, THEY *PRINT* THIS MAG ON THE *COLOR PRESS*... FRED *FELL INTO* 'EDOK 'EM *TWO DAYS* TO *SCRAPE IT CLEAN!* SO IF YOU SEE ART *RED BLOTCHES* -ANYWHERE... HEH, HEH! OH! WANT TO GET MY BACK ISSUES? READ MY COLUMN, *THE VAULT-KEEPER'S CORNER!*

# THE CRYPT OF TERROR

HEH, HEH! *PHEW!* THAT'S A *HORROR* STORY? THE VAULT-KEEPER TELLS A GOOD *FAIRY* TALE! I'LL TELL YOU A HORROR STORY! YER, IT'S YOUR HOST IN THE *CRYPT OF TERROR*— THE CRYPT-KEEPER— WELCOMING YOU ONCE MORE! COME IN AND SIT DOWN ON THAT *BLOOD-STAINED AUTO SEAT!* IT'S A MEMENTO OF THE *TERROR-TALE* I'M ABOUT TO RELATE! READY? AH, I SEE I HAVE THE *GREEN LIGHT!* *WHAT?* OH, THAT'S YOUR *FACE?* WELL, HERE GOES *ANYWAY!* GET A GOOD GRIP ON THE FLOOR MAT! I CALL THIS *CHILLER*...

## THE DEATH WAGON!

HERMAN KITCH, ONE OF THE PARTNERS OF *'SINK AND KITCH...USED CARS'*, SHOOK HIS HEAD AS HE SURVEYED THE BEAT-UP BLUE COUPE PARKED AT THE CURB...

SORRY, MISTER! YOU CAN *KEEP 'ER!* *THIS* WRECK'D COST ME A *FORTUNE.* TO PUT IN SHAPE!

BUT I *MUST SELL*, MR. KITCH! I NEED THE *MONEY!*

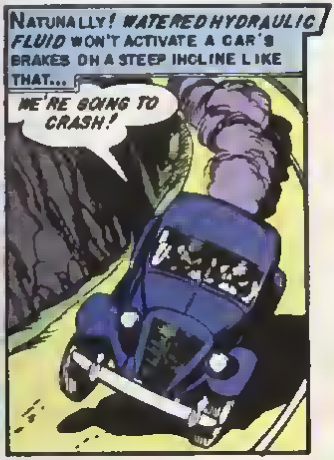
HERMAN SHNUSSED! HE WALKED AROUND THE CAR ONCE MORE.. KICKED AT THE MUDDY TIRES.. THEN STROKED HIS CHIN THOUGHTFULLY...
FOUR HUNDRED BUCKS! THAT'S THE BEST I CAN DO!
FOUR HUNDRED! WHAT I'D BE CRAZY TO SELL IT AT THAT PRICE! I...
TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT, BUD! IT'S TWENTY MILES TO THE NEXT TOWN! IF YOU THINK YOU CAN MAKE IT THY THERE!
I...I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO TAKE YOUR OFFER! I NEED THE MONEY IMMEDIATELY!
USED C
IN THE SNACK THAT STOOD AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE 'SINK AND KITCH USED CAR LOT' AMOS SINK...HERMAN'S PARTNER.. SMILED AS HE WATCHED THE TRANSACTION GOING ON AT THE CURB...
LOOKS LIKE HERMAN'S CLOSING A DEAL ON THAT COUPE! I PITY THE POOR SUCKER WHO BUYS IT FROM US!
LATER THAT DAY, HERMAN AND AMOS SURVEYED THEIR NEWLY ACQUIRED CAR IN THE GARAGE AT THE REAR OF THE LOT...
WELL, AMOS! WE'VE TURNED BACK THE SPEEDOMETER SEVENTEEN THOUSAND MILES AND REPLACED THE TIRES WITH RE-CAPS! THE TUBES ARE IN BAD SHAPE, SO WE'LL LEAVE 'EM!
YEAH! THE GUY WHO BUYS THIS WRECK FROM US WON'T FIND OUT ABOUT THAT TILL HE HAS A FLAT!
A POLISHING JOB AND SHE'LL BE ALL SET!
AND WE'LL SET EIGHT HUNDRED BUCKS FOR 'ER, AT LEAST!
BY THE WAY, AMOS! THE TRANSMISSION IN THIS MANOOH SEDAN WE BOUGHT YESTERDAY IS SHOT! IT SOUNDS LIKE THE CAR'S FALLING APART.. IT KNOCKS SO BAD!
PACK IT WITH SAWDUST! THAT WILL KEEP IT FROM RATTLING FOR A COUPLE OF HUNDRED MILES!
AND THAT CONVENTIBLE'S GOT A CRACKED RADIATOR! WATER KEEPS LEAKIN' OUT!
POUR IN SOME GREASE! IT'LL CLOG UP THE CRACK AS LONG AS THE WATER DOESN'T GET TOO HOT! ONCE THEY DRIVE 'EN AWAY.. WE DON'T KNOW FROM NOTHIN'!

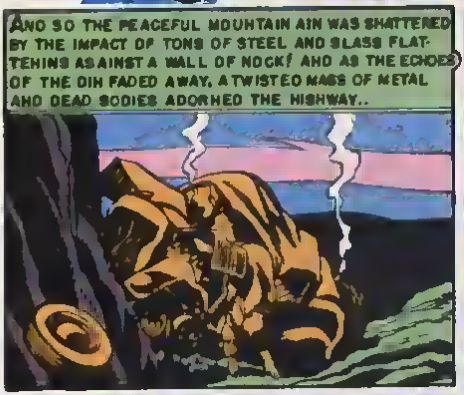
NICE GUYS, EH, KIDDIES? THEY KNOW ALL THE TRICKS, HUH? WELL, HOLD ON TO YOUR EYE-BALLS...YOU AIN'T SEEN NOTHIN' YET! THESE GUYS ARE REALLY CROOKS! JUST KEEP READING! YOU'LL SEE WHAT I MEAN...
I LOOKED OVEN THIS TWO-DOOR WE PICKED UP THIS MORNING, HERMAN! THE STEERING ASSEMBLY'S ALMOST GONE!
WRAP 'ER WITH WIRE! THAT'LL HOLD IT TOGETHER TILL WE CAN GET RID OF THE HEAP!
THIS GRAY SEDAN NEEDS NEW BRAKE-LININGS, HERMAN! THE BRAKES DON'T HOLD!
BRAKE LININGS COST MONEY, AMOS! CUT UP AN OLD INNER TUBE AND PUT THE STRIPS IN! IT'LL DO THE JOB FOR A FEW MILES!
THE BATTERY IN THIS FOUR-DOOR IS DEAD, HENMAN! WE'LL HAVE TO PUT IN A NEW ONE!
NONSENSE! WE'LL JAZZ IT UP WITH THIS POWDER I PICKED UP! IT'LL HOLD A CHARGE FOR A WEEK OR SO! THE PLATES'LL GO TO POT, BUT IT WON'T BE OUR WORRY BY THAT TIME!
I GOT A BUY ON THIS STATION WAGON WITH A BROKEN AXLE, HENMAN!
GOOD! WE CAN WELD THE AXLE! LONG AS THE BUGGY DON'T HIT A HARD BUMP, IT'LL BE ALL NIGHT!
2251
THE BRAKES ARE BAD IN THIS COUPE, HERMAN! YOU HAVE TO PUMP 'EM TO STOP! SHE'S PROBABLY LOW ON HYDRAULIC FLUID!
PUT IN SOME WATER! HYDRAULIC FLUID'S EXPENSIVE!
AS YOU CAN SEE, THE USED-CAR LOT OF SINK AND KITCH WAS CROWDED WITH FAULTY AUTOMOBILES THAT HAD BEEN PURCHASED CHEAPLY AND 'REPAIRED' CHEAPLY.. AND WHICH WOULD ULTIMATELY BE SOLD FOR MANY TIMES THEIR WORTH! BUT WHAT IS MORE DELIGHTFUL, THE CARS WERE POTENTIAL DEATH-WAGONS...
HEY, AMOS! THERE'S AN OLD CODGER AND HIS WIFE LOOKIN' THE HEAPS OVER!
LOOK LIKE A COUPLE O' SUCKERS T'ME!
3

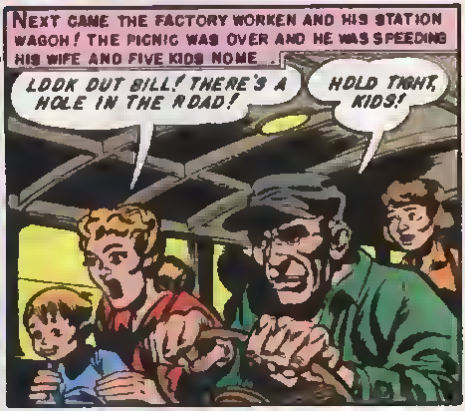
SHOCKED, KIDDIES? I THOUGHY SO! ROW, THIS RIGE AGED COUPLE HAS COME TO SIRK AND KIYCH'S USED-CAR LOT FOR AR AUTO! TREY'VE SKINPED ARO SAVED NICKLES ADD DIMES FOR TWO YEARS TO ACCUNULATE ENOUGH MONEY TO AFFORD THE LUXURY OF OWHING TREIR OWN AUTOMOBILE!
YES, SIR? DAN I RELP YOU?
ESTHER... BRE'S MY WIFE... AND I ARE INTERESTED IN BUYING A CAR WE'D LIKE TO SPEND ABOUT A THOUSAND DOLLARS
I TRINK I RAVE JUST YHE YRIRD YOU'RE LOOKIRD FOD TRIS BABY RERE! PRACTICALLY NEW... ONLY ORE OWNER BEFORE YOU! USED IT ON SUNDAYS AND HOLIDAYS! LOW NILAGE...
HOW MUCH?
SO THE OLD COUPLE BOUGHT THE COUPE WITH TRE WATERED HYDRAULIC FLUID! SINK AND KITCH NADE SIX HUNDRED DOLLARS ON THAT DEAL! THER THERE WAS THE POOR FACTORY WORKER WHO WARTED TO BRIGHTER THE DRAB LIVES OF HIS LOVED ONES BY TAKIRG THEM FOR DRIVES IN TRE COUNTRY ON HIS DAY OFF!
BEST BUY ON THE LOT, SIR! A STATION WAGON IS JUST WHAT YOU NEED! SIMPLY PILE THE KIDS IR THE BACK...
THE FACTORY WORKER PURCRASED TRE STATION WAGOR WITR THE WELDED AXLE! A YOUBD SALESNAR, WHO REEDED A CAB FOD BUSIREDS, ALSO CAME TO SIRK ABD KITCH...
JUST LOOK AT THE TRUNK SPACE IR TRIS TWO-DOOR, NISTER! IT'S NADE FOR A SALESNAN! LIKE HEW! BUY THAT OWRED IT WAS STRICKEN WIYH POLIO... IT'D BEER ON BLOCKS SINCE TWO WEEKS AFTER HE BOUGHT IT!
LOOKS BOOD TO NE! WHERE DO I SIGN?
SO THE BUSIRESS COUPE WITH THE FAULYY STEERIRD ASSENBLY RELD TOGETHER BY WIRES WAS SOLD! SIRK ARD KITCH NADE IT VERY EASY TO BUY THEIR DEATH TRAPS...
I... I'VE BOT TO BUY A CAR, BUT I DON'T THIRK THE BANK WILL OKAY A LOAN! YOU BEE...
LISTEN, BUD! TELL YOU WHAT! ORDIRARILY WE DORT OO THIS BUT
IF YOU KEEP IT QUIET, WE'LL FINARCE YOU OURSELVES! OF COURSE THE INTEREST RATE WILL BE A LITTLE HIGHER YRAN YHE LEGAL LIMIT! SAY... TEN PERCENT...
TEN PERCENT?
PER MONTH!
4

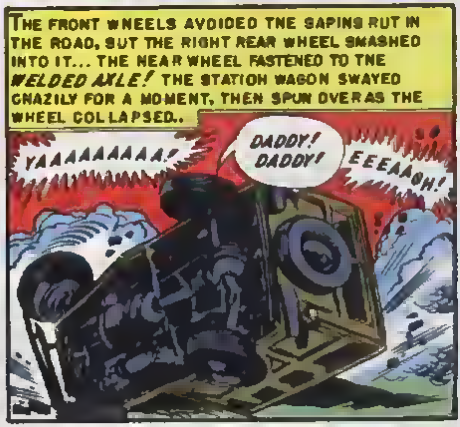
HEH, NEH! I'LL SAY THAT'S A LITTLE NIGNER THAN THE LEGAL LIMIT! S'MATTER, KIDDIES? YOU LOOK MAD! DON'T LIKE AMOS AND HERMAH, EH? WELL, YOU'LL LIKE 'EM LESS AS WE GO ALONG! JUST KEEP READING!

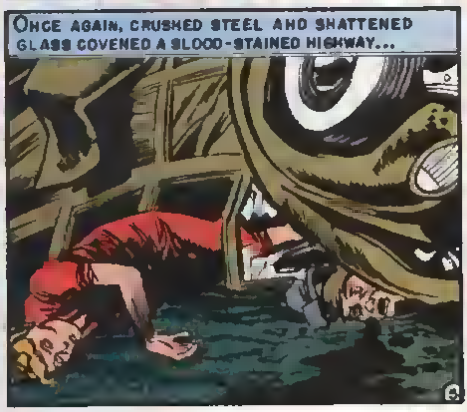
THE OLD COUPLE WENE THE FIRST TO GO! THEY'D DRIVEN UP A MOUNTAIN ROAD IN THEIR NICE NEW USED COUPE! AS THEY CAME DOWN A STEEP CURVE, SKIRTING A CLIFF..
ESTHER! THE BRAKES WON'T HOLD!
EEEEEEEE!


NATUNALLY! WATERED HYDRAULIC FLUID WON'T ACTIVATE A CAR'S BRAKES ON A STEEP INCLINE LIKE THAT...
WE'RE GOING TO CRASH!


AND SO THE PEACEFUL MOUNTAIN AIN WAS SHATTERED BY THE IMPACT OF TONS OF STEEL AND GLASS FLATTENING AGAINST A WALL OF ROCK! AND AS THE ECHOES OF THE DIN FADED AWAY, A TWISTED MASS OF METAL AND DEAD BODIES ADORNED THE HIGHWAY..


NEXT CAME THE FACTORY WORKEN AND HIS STATION WAGON! THE PICNIC WAS OVER AND HE WAS SPEEDING HIS WIFE AND FIVE KIDS HOME..
LOOK OUT BILL! THERE'S A HOLE IN THE ROAD!
HOLD TIGHT, KIDS!


THE FRONT WHEELS AVOIDED THE GAPING RUT IN THE ROAD, BUT THE RIGHT REAR WHEEL SMASHED INTO IT... THE REAR WHEEL FASTENED TO THE WELDED AXLE! THE STATION WAGON SWAYED CRAZILY FOR A MOMENT, THEN SPUN OVER AS THE WHEEL COLLAPSED..
YAAAAAAAAA!
DADDY! DADDY!
EEEAAGH!


ONCE AGAIN, CRUSHED STEEL AND SHATTERED GLASS COVERED A BLOOD-STAINED HIGHWAY...

HEH, HEH! SETTIN A LITTLE HOT UNDER THE COLLAR, KIDDIES? NOW DO YOU THINK THE OLD COUPLE FELT...ON THE FACTORY WORKER AND HIS FAMILY? WELL, KEEP READIN'! WE'LL REACH THE BOILING POINT SOON!
THE SALESMAN WHO BOUGHT THE BUSINESS COUPE WAS NEXT TO GO! THE WINED STEERING ASSEMBLY FELL APART AS THE CAR WAS TURNING INTO A BUSY INTERSECTION...
LOOK OUT!
IT'S OUT OF CONTROL!
TWO PEDESTRIANS WENT ALONG ON THAT NICE! NIGHT UP THE SIDEWALK AND INTO A BRICK WALL, THE CAR HUNTLED...
YAAAEEEEEEE!
THEY HAD TO CUT THE SALESMEN OUT OF THE WRECK WITH A BLOW-TORCH! HE NEVER CAME TO! ONE OF THE PEDESTRIANS WAS KILLED INSTANTLY... THE OTHER DIED ON THE WAY TO THE HOSPITAL! A POLICE INSPECTOR CAME TO SEE AMOS AND HERMAN..
THREE HORRIBLE ACCIDENTS.. AND EVERY CAR CAME FROM YOUR LOT!
LOOK HERE, INSPECTOR!
WE'RE NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR WHAT PEOPLE DO TO THEIR CARS! WHEN THOSE AUTOS LEFT OUR LOT, THEY WERE IN PERFECT CONDITION!
DO YOU THINK WE'D LET A FAULTY CAR LEAVE THIS ESTABLISHMENT, INSPECTOR?
I DON'T KNOW, BOYS, BUT TOMORROW MORNING I'M GOING TO FIND OUT! I'M ASKING THE COURT TO ISSUE A WARRANT PERMITTING ME TO EXAMINE EVERY CAR ON YOUR LOT! GOOD EVENING, GENTLEMEN!
HAPPY TO HAVE YOU DO SO, INSPECTOR!
ANY TIME, INSPECTOR!
AFTER THE POLICE INSPECTOR LEFT THE SIGN AND KITCH USED CAR LOT...
GOOD LORD, HERMAN! WHAT WILL WE DO? TOMORROW MORNING...
THAT'S A LONG WAY OFF! WE HAVE ALL NIGHT TO FIX UP THOSE HEAPS! C'MON! LET'S GET BUSY!

UH...UH! MUSTN'T *PEEK* AT THE BOTTOM OF THIS PAGE! YOU'LL *SET TO IT!* AND DON'T WORRY! AMOS AND HERMAN WON'T *FIX* THINGS BY MORNING! IN FACT, THEY WON'T BE *ALIVE* BY MORNING! *WHY?* BECAUSE THAT NIGHT... WHILE THEY SCURRIED ABOUT THE GARAGE REPAINING THE CARS, *PROPERLY* THIS TIME.. IN CEMETERIES THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRYSIDE, THINGS UNDEN CRAWLING GRAVE-MUD STIRNED..

THE REMAINS OF AN AGED COUPLE ...RIPPED AND TORN FROM THE IMPACT OF THEIR DEATH-DEALING CRASH.. LUMBERED TOWARD THE USED-CAR LOT...

A SALESMAN'S CORPSE, MASHED AND NOTTING, CRAWLING WITH THE SLIME OF THE GRAVE, STUMBLED OVER THE DARK LANDSCAPE...

A SINGLE FILE OF SHADOWY FORMS, SHREDS OF FLESH FALLING FROM THEIR MANGLED BODIES, STAG-GENED ACROSS THE ROAD - A DEAD FACTORY WORKEN, HIS WIFE, AND FIVE SMALLER CORPSES...

AND IN THEIN DIMLY-LIT GARAGE, AMOS SIRK AND HERMAN KITCH LOOKED UP FROM THEIR FRANTIC EFFORTS AS THE THINGS CONVERGED UPON THE DOORWAY.. MOVING TOWARD THEM..

GOOD LORD!

YAAAEEEEEE!

IN THE MORNING, WHEN THE POLICE INSPECTOR CAME WITH HIS WARRANT, THERE WERE NO CARS ON THE LOT TO INSPECT! BUT IN THE *GARAGE*, HE FOUND ONE! IT STOOD GROTESQUELY IN A POOL OF DRIED BLOOD! AMOS'S SKULL GRINNED FROM WHERE ONE HEADLIGHT SHOULD HAVE BEEN - HERNAN'S, FROM THE OTHER! TWO NED TORQUES HAD REPLACED THE WINDSHIELD WIPERS! EYE-BALLS STARED FROM PARKING-LIGHT SOCKETS! SEVENED HANDS SERVED AS DOOR HANDLES! ASH-WHITE SKIN REPLACED SLIP-COVENS! DISJOINED FEET SUBSTITUTED FOR CLUTCH, BNAKE, GAS, AND LIGHT-DIMMING PEDALS! BLOOD FILLED THE GAS TANK... INTESTIMES THE CRANK-CASE! GORES WERE USED FOR THE GEAN SHIFT, STEENING WHEEL SPOKES, PISTOR-RODS, AND OTHEN STRUCTUNES! *THIS WAS TRULY A KITCH AND SINK CAR...*

HEH, HEH! AND IT WAS MADE OF EVERYTHING *BUT* THE *KITCHEN SINK*... EH, KIDDIES? SO AMOS AND HERMAN FINALLY WOUND UP AS *PARTS*.. INSTEAD OF *PART-NERS!* KNOW WHAT? NOBODY EVEN GOT UP ENOUGH *NERVE* TO SEE IF THE GORY MESS WOULD *RUN!* SO I DROPPED OVEN TO WHERE THEY WERE KEEPING IT ONE RIGHT! SOT IT *STARTED*, TOO! TROUBLE WAS IT KEPT *STALLING* ON ME! SEEMS *HEARTS* DON'T MAKE GOOD *FUEL-PUMPS!* 'BYE, NOW!

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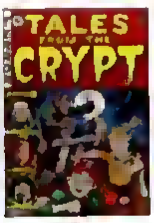

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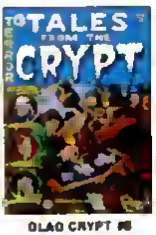

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MISSOURI RESIDENTS ADD 6.225% SALES TAX MARYLAND RESIDENTS ADD 5% SALES TAX
CALIFORNIA RESIDENTS ADD 7.25% SALES TAX (SAN DIEGO COUNTY 7%)

# EXCLUSIVE

## TO READERS OF THIS COMIC!

**THESE TWO DESIGNS HAVE BEEN CREATED ESPECIALLY FOR, AND EXCLUSIVELY FOR YOU! THEY SHOW HBO's CRYPT-KEEPER ENJOYING EITHER TALES FROM THE CRYPT #7 (BLUE COVER) OR #8 (RED COVER.) EACH DESIGN IS AVAILABLE ON A BLACK OR WHITE 100% COTTON SHIRT.**

**SPECIFY YOUR CHOICE OF DESIGN AND SIZE (LARGE OR X-LARGE).**
**CHOOSE FROM: RED COVER ON BLACK SHIRT, $15.**
**BLUE COVER ON BLACK SHIRT, $15.**
**RED COVER ON WHITE SHIRT, $14.**
**BLUE COVER ON WHITE SHIRT, $14.**

**SUPPLIES ARE LIMITED, SO ORDER SOON. ADD $5 SHIPPING AND HANDLING IN THE US. PLEASE CALL FOR SHIPPING CHARGES OUTSIDE THE US.**

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